

DAILY LOVE STORY.

A SAINTLY SINNER.

By E. M. GILMER.

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WHEN handsome Jack Orton announced his engagement to Marian Harding to his sister, she, being a discreet woman, only lifted an eyebrow, and asked him if he was quite sure his choice was a wise one. The girl belonged to a very different world from the gay, fashionable, pleasure-seeking one in which they were such conspicuous figures.

"She is an angel," he had cried enthusiastically, and his sister had made a mock gesture of despair.

It is, however, the province of earthly angels to always judge their fellow creatures harshly; and Marian delivered many a sermon to Jack on his worldliness and wickedness, which the big-hearted, loving, generous fellow received with outward meekness and inward mirth.

Finally they quarrelled over some question about a woman whom Jack defended, and the girl had given him back his ring, quoting self-righteously something about being unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

He went away. Soon after Marian's family lost all their little wealth.

One afternoon just as things were at their worst with her, when she had only ten dollars left and the numberless opportunities of the home and sick room were calling for it she went to see a jockey, crippled in a race, whom she sometimes went to care for in his illness, and he greeted her with shining eyes.

"Say, Miss," he said, "Ben, he's me side partner, he was here yesterday, an' he give me a dead straight tip, an' I'll put yer next. Anita's just got a walk over."

"Anita, who's she?" inquired Marian vaguely.

The boy gasped. "You don't know Anita? By gee, she's a race mare, an' say, de talent ain't on to her. Say, it's goin' to be a hundred to one shot. Gee, don't I wish I was out of dis!" and he moved impatiently.

"Hundred to one shot," repeated Marian; "what's that?"

"Ethucks," he cried, and then talking very slowly as if explaining things to a child: "Youse puts up one dollar, an' de bookies pays you one hundred of youse win out."

"A bet," Marian exclaimed; "but doesn't somebody lose?"

"De bookies dis time, sure," replied the boy with conviction, "but dey a dead loaded wild boogie, an' it's a charity to relieve 'em. Say, gimme a ten, an' let Ben put it up for you. Dis ain't no graft. It's a lead pipe cinch."

In the end Marian did. On the way home she told herself that it was because the money was to use for others, but in her soul she knew she had been tempted, and had succumbed, just like every other sinner, but all her miserable self-righteousness was swept away and she understood and pitied and loved as she had never done before all the great sinning, struggling, suffering brotherhood of mankind. As the boy had predicted, Anita won, and the next time she went to the hospital he put in her hands a great roll of bills, but for answer she only gathered him in her arms.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she cried, "I am nothing but a common, wicked gambler!"

"New yer ain't," the boy returned indignantly, "yer ain't got de nerve. Yer ain't nothing but a bloomin' saint."

That night a very humble letter went to Jack's club, and being forwarded brought that gentleman in a few days to Marian's door.

Without one word she fled to Jack's arms and sobbed out her story on his breast—her temptation, her sin, and her yielding. When she was done he looked at her with a very grave smile in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," he said, "You were very earthly as an angel, but you are simply heavenly as a sinner," and for the first time in her life Marian understood.

WHAT COLORS SIGNIFY.

WHITE is the emblem of truth, faith, joy, religious purity and life.

In the judge it indicates integrity; in woman, chastity.

Blue, or the sapphire, expresses heaven, truth from a celestial origin, fidelity, loyalty and constancy.

Red, the ruby, symbolizes passion, fire and divine love.

Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope—particularly of the hope of victory, fame and of immortality, as the color of the laurel and palm.

Yellow, the amethyst, symbolizes love and truth, passion and suffering.

Purple is the color of royalty.

Black symbolizes grief, mourning, despair, darkness, evil, negativity, sin and death.

"BECAUSE."

BECAUSE I am My Love's I'll keep my life

Washed clean of every soil in thought or deed;

And beat my heart with ever steadfast need

Like a shut rose through days of dusty strife,

KATE CAREW ABROAD.

A Royal Distributing Machine.



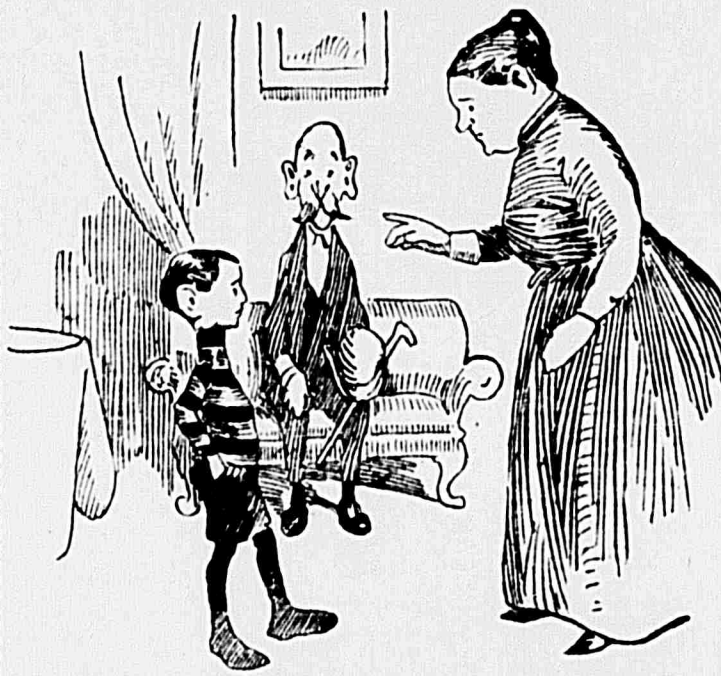
His Sovereign Lord the King, by the grace of God, &c., has been earning his salary all the year by distributing medals to men in khaki from the trackless void. A lifetime's practice has made His Majesty very adept at that sort of thing. Nobody who saw him getting through his work at the Horse Guards the other morning could fail to admire his skill. There were some hundreds of medals to be dispensed, but he faced the ordeal with stolidism. A swift pass with the right hand, three murmured words of congratulation and he was ready for the next corner. It was admirable, but I couldn't help reflecting that a slot machine would have been equally efficient and less costly.

NO EAR TRUMPETING.



Mr. MacTavish (who has never seen an ear-trumpet)—Na, na, na mannie; ye canna' play that thing here.—The King.

A "TOUCHING" REPLY.



Mother—Reginald, I told you not to ask visitors for pennies. Reginald—Well, I didn't. I asked him for a quarter.

LOVERS' TROUBLES

Don't Make Yourself Cheap.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

There is a young man employed in a store across the way from where I live and who boards in my house. I like him and he at least pretends to like me by smiling and bowing whenever we meet; but we never speak. He is eighteen and I am sixteen, and he is very bashful. I am not a child. KITTY.

I have been keeping company with a young man about six months, and I thought a great deal of him until a short time ago, when he promised to call and take me to a party, but when the time came never showed up. At the party this young man asked me for the first dance. I treated him very coolly, and ever since that we have not been

THE PRIZE-FIGHT, THE LOADED GLOVES AND THE WISE AND GOOD REFEREE.

Just as the prize-fight was about to begin the referee, examining the gloves, found sewed in the back of each of the gloves of one of the prize-fighters a strip of lead.

"Excellent!" he said with enthusiasm. "It's going to be a splendid fight."

"But," objected the other fighter, "I have no lead in my gloves. I don't believe in fighting with loaded gloves, anyhow. Surely you're not going to leave him those gloves?"

"I most certainly am," replied the referee with a benevolent smile. "I'm doing it for your sake. Think, man, how much greater your triumph if you knock out this fellow in spite of his loaded gloves!"

Moral—True and wise benevolence consists in making the handicap on decency as heavy as possible.

That is doubtless why Gov. Odell is leaving the Croker-Devery prize-fighter the lead strip of the Police Department, worth 40,000 additional votes at the very least.

THE SHRINKING OF THE EARTH.

This planet on which we live is small—and growing smaller all the time.

Many conceptions of the earth still current in school textbooks, and even in books of greater pretensions, encourage you—if you have not thought much about it—to think of it as "the great big world."

A ball with a diameter of nearly 8,000 miles, a land surface of over 51,000,000 square miles and an ocean surface of 126,000,000 square miles, whereon about 1,500,000,000 of human beings "live, move and have their being," does seem a rather large affair.

Nevertheless the shrinking of the globe is going on so fast for police purposes that criminals will soon have to give up entirely the idea of "flying from justice." The seas are becoming no larger than horse-ponds and continents no bigger than villages, so far as they are concerned.

Thus, for example, Samuel Abraham killed Anthony J. Mulish about three months ago out in Wyoming, and "fled the country." That is, he thought he fled it. He travelled far over land and over sea, for 10,000 miles, and fancied he was at least 9,000 miles beyond the eyes and ears and hands of justice. But a telegraph operator told the story of his crime to the wires, the wires hummed it to the coast, where another operator told it to the cable, and the cable hummed it to the depths of the sea, till it was told to the land wires again at Cape Town, in South Africa, and finally found him in Kimberley more easily and surely than fifty years ago it would have followed him from New York to Chicago.

A few more ocean cables, a few more extradition treaties, and a little more tightening of those bands of civilization that make it all mankind's interest to prevent and punish crime, and the world will be too small for law-breakers to live in.

"AMERICA IS OPPORTUNITY."

Fifty-three years ago a man with a hand-organ came out of Castle Garden into Battery Park.

Gripping his free hand tight was a little boy, whose dark eyes were wide with wonder at the new world.

All their wealth was a light load on the man's back. He was sorry that he could not add to it a monkey; it would have helped business. He wondered how soon he could send to Italy for the rest of his family.

The man and boy went to live near Five Points. The very name is almost forgotten; "Hell's Kitchen" of to-day is a Sunday-school in a health resort by comparison with it.

They left New York as soon as they could, a reunited family, the dear ones from home joining them.

The boy has now gone back to Italy. He came on a shelf in a sailing packet. He goes—a man of wealth and of useful influence, which is better—in a fine stateroom on an ocean greyhound to represent his new country in the very important post of Consul at Turin.

For him, as Emerson said, "America is opportunity." It is opportunity to-day, for any boy who comes up from Ellis Island or anywhere else with the will to succeed.

Mr. Hlland—There has been a great change in the weather. Mr. Halket—Oh, yes; all things come to him who waits.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Goodole—To what do you attribute your appetite for strong drink? Is it hereditary? Wagon Tatters—No, lady; it's thirst.—Philadelphia Press.

CAREFULLY CONSIDERED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Don't Make Yourself Cheap.

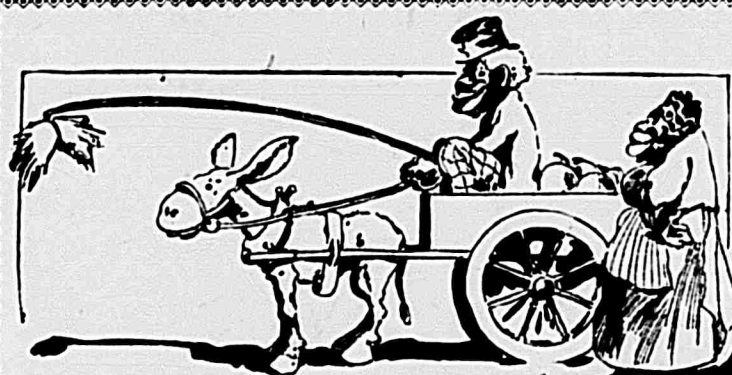
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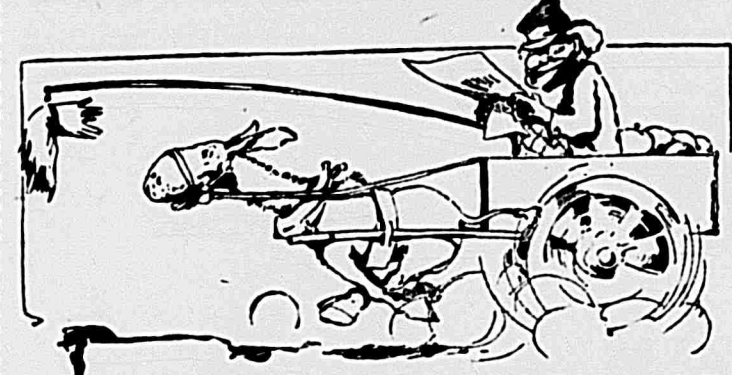
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THE TRICK THAT FAILED.

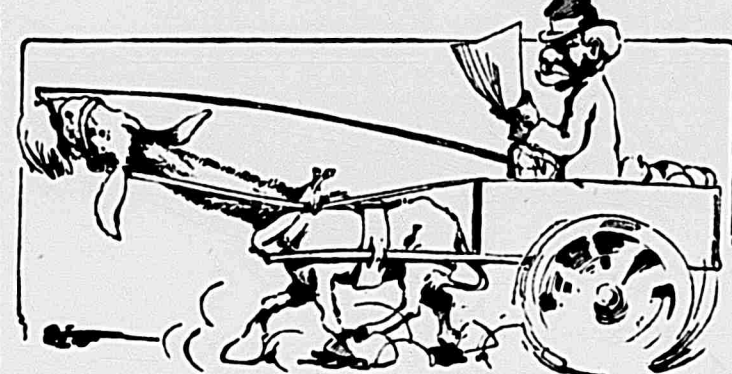
Suggestion by F. M. Howarth.



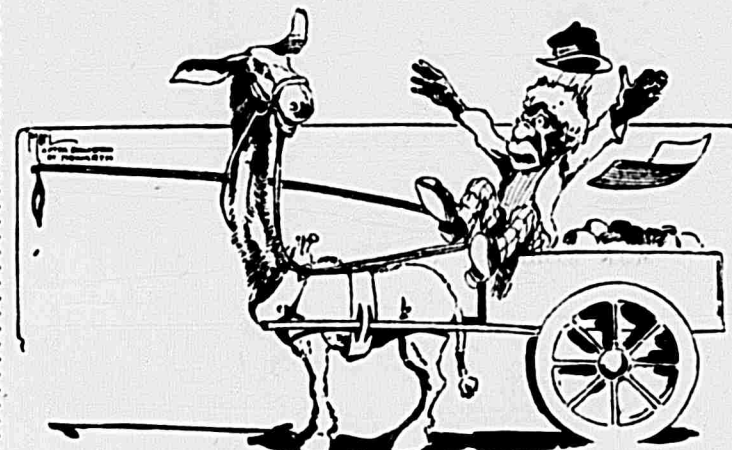
Brother Rushbones—I'll fix dat ole mewl so's dere won't be no balkin' when I wants to get to market in a hurry.



"Dat's jes' der greatest idea on erf. I s'pose I'se kin read dis yere papah now."

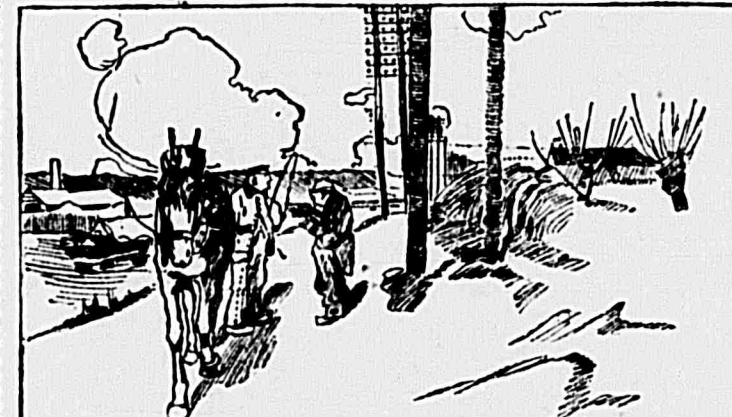


"Guess I'se bettah look to dat animal. He don't pears to be goin' as fast as he useter."



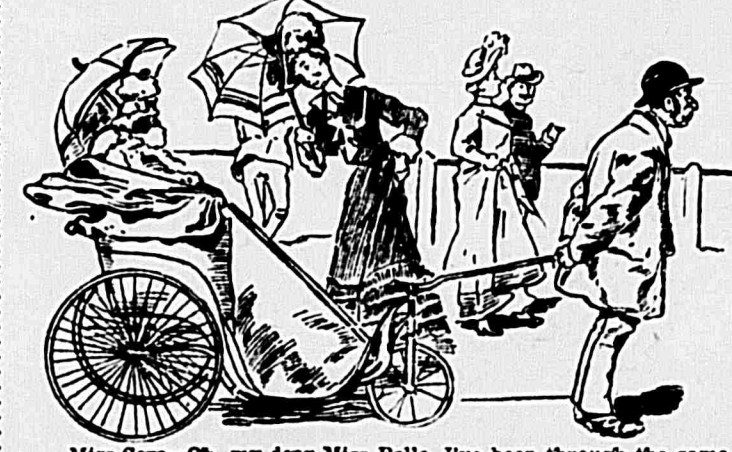
"Yes, grandpop; a mewl as has served in two wars knows a thing or two."

PROHIBITIVE TERMS.



Tramp—Ello, mister! Would yer mind givin' me a lift as far as Brentford? I'll work my passage. Bonthauer—Orl right, mate. Take 'old o' the 'orse's 'ead an' lead!—Punch.

COMFORTING.



Miss Sere—Oh, my dear Miss Bello, I've been through the same illness myself, and there is no reason why, in a few weeks' time, you shouldn't look just as well as I do!—Punch.

THE TYRANNY OF THE VEIL.

HOW TO ADJUST IT.

DO you know that it's jolly good fun to watch a girl put on her veil? If you haven't that splendid soul-warming quality—an appreciation of the humorous—you may never have noticed, says the Chicago Record Herald, that when a girl ties one of these flimsy witcheries about her head she screws up her nose, does things with her mouth, puts her eyebrows in strange and unaccountable tangles and makes faces generally.

First the veil is patted and stretched and looked at critically. Just as a girl eyes the bed grace of a woman she does not love. It is held up to the light and inspected carefully, for while this is not at all necessary it is customary and a habit. Eve did it, if she had a veil. If she put seaweed over her face she looked at its meshes carefully and wondered which side up they should go.

Observe the girl as she tries first to stretch the veil over her hat brim. Her eyes sweep upward, downward and from side to side after the fashion of those queer advertising pickaninies that stand in the windows of cigar-shops. She takes in all the various lines, folds, crinkles and flappy places, after which she makes a mouth and tries to hitch that veil thereto. If she had a picture of herself at that stage of the fun she'd never be vain, you may be sure of that.

Such facial callisthenics! Such queer manipulations of the eyebrow. Is it not remarkable how many kinds of a face one face can be? If you do not think so, watch a girl put on her veil. According to actual statistics, the process of veil attaching takes about six and a half minutes. Of course, there are girls who put on their veils in a hurry, but they are usually the ones whose hairpins are always moulted and whose belts hike up where they should hike down, and vice versa. Unless a veil is put on just so it would better not be put on at all.

If she doesn't have to remove her hat entirely, until the veil and "do" her hair all over, she's in great good luck. Stray hairs that dangle over one's nose are very aggravating. They never assert themselves until it is extremely inconvenient to capture them. It is much like playing blind-man's buff with nothing.

But when the task is finished and the veil is all neatly and trimly arranged, the trouble, especially if the veil is of the bewitchingly becoming variety. Why? Because the friendly little bit of nothing hides behind its meshy formations every speckle, freckle and imperfection of the complexion. They are not veils—they are beautifiers and dainty nets all ready for their catch of masculine hearts.

Here's to the veil! Long may it mail us lovely! Never mind if we do make up queer and curious faces when we get our faces into it. It's your price and the trouble—and more.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Scores Landlords.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read Magistrate Crane's warning to landlords, and without any exaggeration I believe that little speech of the sympathetic Magistrate is attracting more quiet attention from citizens of New York and vicinity than anything that has been said in a long time. Magistrate Crane points out in a quiet, gentlemanly manner the leading cause of crime. It is the hegetiveness of landlords that drives thousands upon thousands of well-meaning persons from respectability to sorrow and disgrace. Magistrate Crane probably had this in mind when he said: "The landlord, as a rule, has no feeling."

How Much Longer?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How much longer will the old-time horse-cars continue to creep through this fair Gotham of ours? They are as far behind the times as the stage-coach or Ichthyosaurus. Let us get a move on and cease being a laughing stock to even slumberous Philadelphia, by demanding and getting cable or electric cars on every street line. The world is better paid transit than the tunnel. H. Y. SANDERS, Jr.

Says Vacations Are Too Long.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am the employer in a large office. My employees all expect from a week to a fortnight's vacation every summer and want their pay to go on. In other words, they want me to pay them charity money for time that is idle. They only expect it, "it is customary." Now, I demand that my employees get together and stop this vacation nonsense. I'm willing if necessary to give employees three days' vacation, but no more. Who is with me? DUANE STREET EMPLOYER.

Cut-Rate Pares.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When we go to have three-cent street car and "L" fares, it's high time. They make enough and it would really pay them. Also, why not have one-cent postal stamps in place of the present two-cent rates for letters? The Government could well afford it. This would help every one. M. S. G.

Scores Trailing Skirts.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Ladies at present are wearing ridiculous, hideous trailing skirts that sweep up dust and mud, and make men step on them all the time. Of all silly feminine fashions this is the worst. Who can say one word in its favor? CYNIC.

"Where Are the Tallest Men?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where, readers, are the tallest men? I claim in the Middle Atlantic States are the tallest, stout-built men. But say companies in parts of Kentucky and Tennessee the average man is at least a six-footer. Another friend says foreigners (especially Englishmen) are taller than Americans. THEODORE P. CARLTON.